

THE XXXth. OF JANUARY.
OR, AN
ANNIVERSARY.
BEING A POEME
DEDICATED
TO THE QVEENE
OF GREAT BRITTAINE,
AT THE LOVRE:

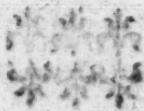
January the { 30.th
20.th



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London 1781



BOSTON, M.D.C.LI.

TO
THE ROYALL MAJESTIE
OF
HENRIETTA MARIA
Queene of great Britain, France,
and Ireland, &c.

MADAM,

T is now high time that your Prince-
ly Eyes should no longer contract
redness from teares but a brave fire
from Revenge, That you should deal
with your Passion as the generous ORMOND
with that infamous fire-brand of the world that
Canker is to the Royall Stock and Branches
CROMWELL, suffer it to posseſſe some Out-
skirts and frontiers of your Soule, that by the
expansion of his incroachments its Spirits may
be wasted and layd open for Ruine; And your
victorius Reason (contracting all its forces)

sweep all such treacherous Invaders from the face of the world , and leave nothing of it in Nature but a Memory , which may make it stinke to all Posterity .

Porcia's Coales are of no further use for despaire , all they can bee serviceable in , is to create a flame to which the barbarous Rebels must be fuell , and the fire may bee a Purifier to the Region of Soveraigny , clearing all the Ayre from those two greatest Plagues to Order and Mankind Rebellion and Ricide . God has now ripened them for the Sickle of Revenge ; it is bightly opportune to shake them from the trees of Authority and Rapine whereon they hang , and since hanging is naturall for such Gomorrah Apples , Tyburne in England is the properest place in the world for such fruits , if their rotteness bee not too violent Eye-sores to the view , and of too great a Stench to the Nose-shriks of Passengers .

The 30.th of January shall bee reckoned amongst those Ominous dayes which are fatall to the repose and safetie of Nations, which though it antecede beere that in ENGLAND by tenne dayes, yet my passion of Revenge, and my engagement to follow that Standard of your Heroick Sonne, which must carry with it a Restitution of the World to Lawes, Libertie, Religion, Conscience, and all Obligations divine and Humane, hath made mee make use of the Kalender in FRANCE, and present an Anniversary upon the most horrid Murther the Sunne ever view'd; not to stirre up your un-exampled Pietie to Teares, but to awake your owne Royall and all other Loyall Bo-somes to revenge; which, when it shall breake foorth in its just magnitude and demensions, the Rebels will confesse, that Our long Silence is like a Calme, whose

unsuspected tranquillity is followed by nothing less dangerous then totally subverting Earthquakes, or universally consuming Thunders.

M A D A M E.

The Persian Princes had a constant Monitor to remember them of Greeke affronts and injuries, may this Anniversary bee your Remembrancer that all Europe is engaged to your assistance; that you have a fate more noble impending then to live in exile, or unrevenged; that you have a Sonne, who, by his fiery persecutions and Vertues, will, one day, make good in his examples, all which is ever related of the most excellent Princes; That there is a Nation which with infinite groanes implores its restitution to Monarchy, its redemption from Rebellion; in which it is fatally captivated and engulphed, and (which, MADAME, deserves a Lower ranke amongst these more Majestique concernments.) let it bee

(3)

bee a speaking testimony to the World, that I
am (in Spight of all Revolutions occasioned
by Thieves, Rebells, and
Regicides.)

Your M A J E S T I E S,

and all your Royall Families,

Most humble, and never
changeable Servant a.
Subject,

S. C.

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ALLEGIANCE TO THE
MEMORY OF OUR LATE MURTERED
SOVERAIGNE CHARLES THE I.

Such was the Pride of Murther in our losse,
To dubbe the Scaffold equall to the Cross.
Since the world's Crucifice; all butcheries
The Jury finds Chance-Medley, unto this.
The Primitive and Modern Martyrs all,
Members of CHARLES his Body Mysticall.
The universall Bill of Martyrdome,
In him, contracted to a Totall Summe.
'Tis thought thy Saviour, only Priest, would dye,
And leave his Kingly sufferings to thee.
In Life and Death his Vice-roy, as if all
His Offices were Hypostatical.

How durst they think hee mortall was, or say
He lesse then Angels, were assumed Clay?
Fool'd Tyrant Wretches who believe him dead,
Who from Humanitie but vanished.
Faith being weake, a Demonstration's He,
To loose the Riddle of Theanibropic.
To all Religious understanding Eyes,
Humanitie was but his Late disguise.

But so much Deity may justly grudge,
~~Hee~~ ~~condemn'd~~, and Barrabas his Judge.

Whien every drop of Bloud hee shed, was much
~~Too~~ precious to redeem the soules of such.

For had old Adam spawn'd no better seed,
~~The~~ Eternall Sonne had never liv'd or dyed.

If his Posterity had all been such,
 The bloud of Buls and Goates had been too much.

Lord, was it not enough, thy selfe to dye,
~~But~~ thou must suffer too by Deputie?

Who his pure Breath a prey to Villaines gave,
 Nor worthy to be Sextons to his Grave.

Shov'ling his Monarchy, as if it must
 Follow like Earth to Earth, and Dust to dust.

How will the Hoagen Chandlers scorn our fate,
 When Heyson vampes and underlayes the State.

When Pards in Ale, and Dray-man Bass shal sing
 I've slaine Goliah with a Small-Beere Sling.

And drawne out Royaltie so neere the Lee,
 This Hand must tappe a well hopp'd Anarchie.

Their Babby-Generall is a fine thing,
 Such I have seene, in Childrens feasting;

Whose bloudy Treasons onely him engage
 As Obligation sealed under age.

Now all's dispatchid; we're bee demandad why
 He must send Post to Cromwell for a Lye.

'Tis time to passe from this infernall post,
 From whom I rise as from the Nethermost:

And passe, as through a Purgatorie flame,
 To a prepared Blisse in CHARLES his Name! ^H
 Whil'st I with trembling and Religious care,
 Doe goe unto my mourning, as my Pray'r.
 I doe repent, I have prophani'd his Herse,
 And Sacred Ashes, with un-hallow'd Verso.
 To whom, as one Religious Votarie,
 Three Pilgrim Kingdomes owe their Pietie.
 Though *Saint's* too meane a Name for him, wee
 His Vertues Canoniz'd him below: ^(know)
 In Navigation, as the *Mariner*,
 Steer's not by th' *Pole*, but by the neerest *Starre*.
 So that devotion erres not from the *Text*,
 Which hee inspires, whose Virtue was the next;
 So farre the same, they differ not at all,
 But as the Copic from th' *Originall*.
 GOD did to him so much his Likenesse deale,
 'T might seem his second Precept to repeal.
 Whose indisputable Divinity,
 None (but this *Arrian* army) dares deny. ^T
 And now, to view his Constellation,
 Sadduces yeeld a *Resurrection*. ^A
 So hee all Heresies seemes to confute,
 Which, at his Masters death, were in dispute. ^T
 Cloath'd now with Light no Contrary he knowes,
 Except the utter darkness of his Foes. ^W
 What Comets should have ushered his fall,
 Doe waite as Torches at his Funerall. ^B

Hee so be dayes the Night, th' Astrologer
 That God hath snuff'd the Firmament does swear.
 He appeares not only Starre to every fense,
 But Spheare ; and hee his owne Intelligence.
 So glorious, that this Riddle he begets,
The Sunne shen solely rises when hee sets.

Whose Guid his saving light is, ere they rest
 Shall over-take the Wise-men of the East.

Who so his wisdomes just Admirer is,
 Sayes Solomon's was Typicall to his.

Had they, and Shebah's Queen, liv'd at one time,
 With what desire would shee have Cuckol'd Him !
 Although his Continence was so divine,
 He it alone embrac'd as Concubine.

A Vestall might have layne with Him in Bed,
 And rise with her Religious Mayden-head.

How did hee in St. Michael's Angell-vein
 Confuse those Devils which durst him arraigne !
 If wee the Muster-roll of Virtues call, (all.
 The Name of CHARLES may answer for them
 As what wee attribute to God must be
 It selfe, the absolute Divinitie.

So Reason coupled with moralitie,
 This Definition gets that they were hee.

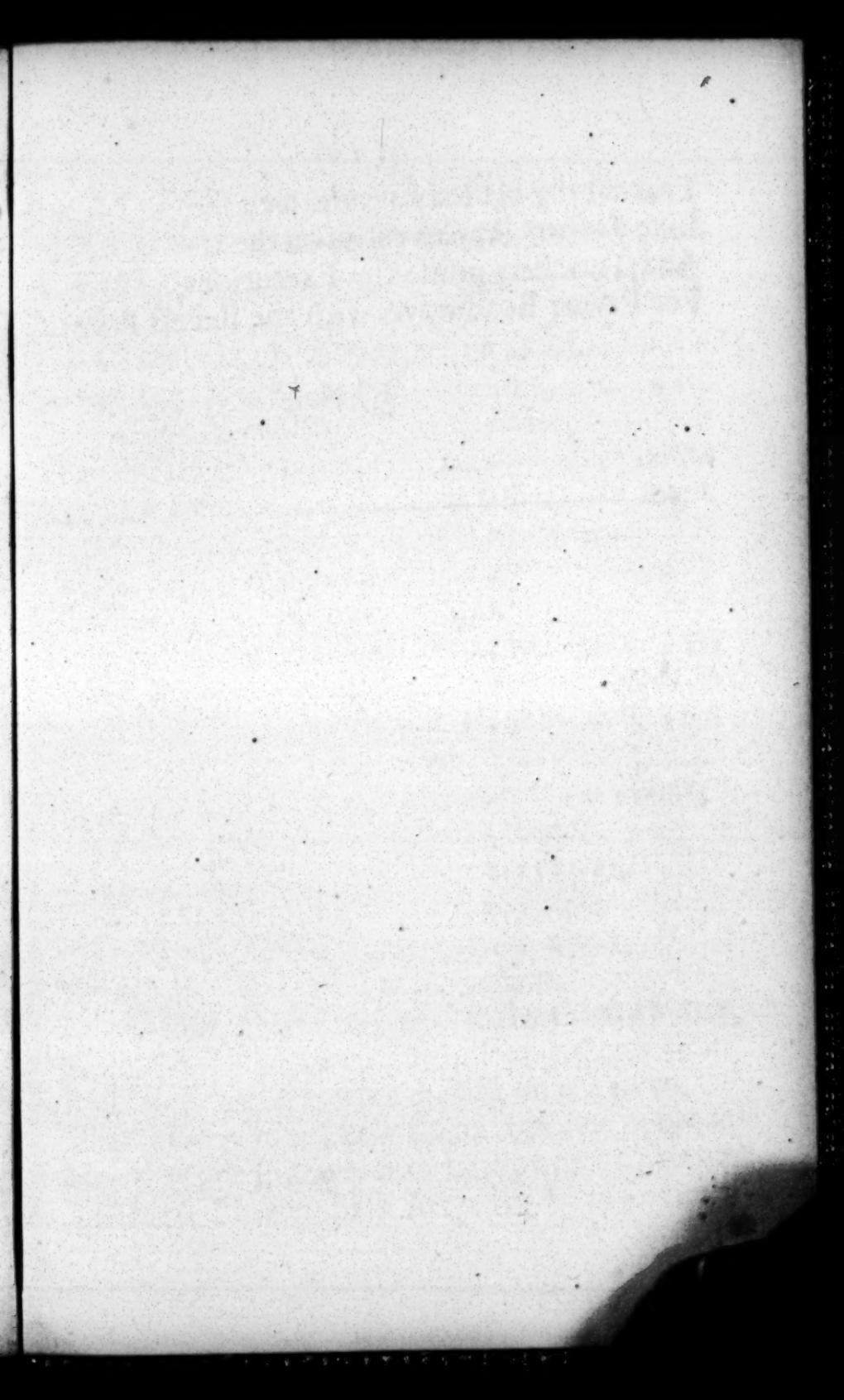
Who now for eyther seekes (hee being spent)
 Without a Substance lookes for Accident.

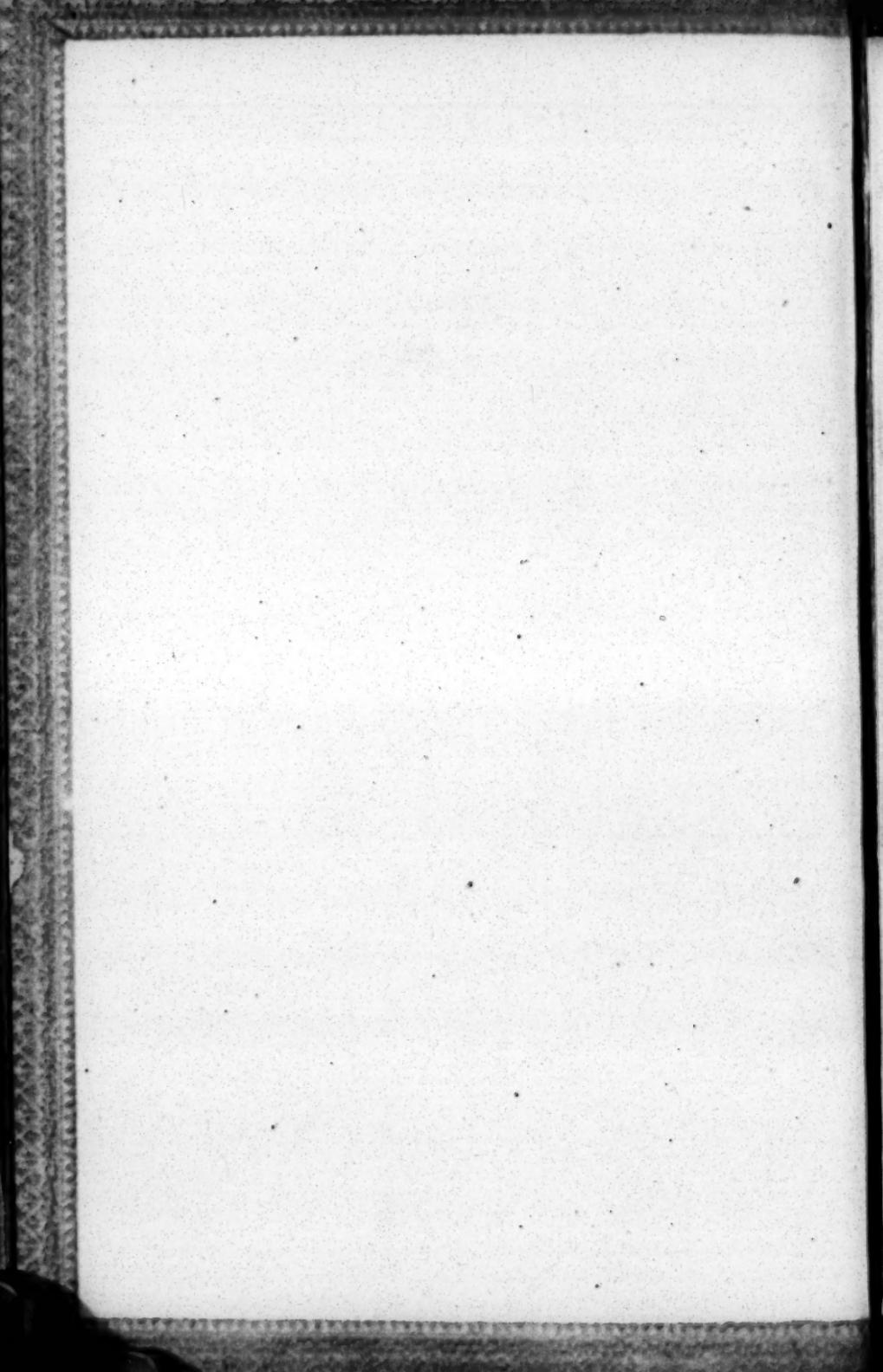
But, as the Sunne sets only unto Us,
 And never shines him selfe lesse glorious,

Our Sol's eclipse was to improve his Light,
But smother us in an Egyptian Night.
As Earth-quakes doe destroy from Mile to mile,
And fast foundations Filip Crosse and Pile,
The Center yet being never stirr'd at all ;
So wee (not CHARLES) are bruised in his Fall.
His Execution was his Subject's Paine,
They lost their King, and yet their King doth raigne
Not as a Deaths-head Shell, or a Grave-Stone,
Memento's are for Mortals of their owne.
In this sad Paper every one may see,
His Epitaph, in his owne Elegie.
Without a Contradiction 't may bee said,
Though bee did Dye, not bee, but wee are Dead.
What dying life is ours, that He must dye,
And wee, that doe survive him, Putrifie ?
But stay his Urne is warme ; and, at his Name,
His Ashes start, and wake into a flame.
Through all the Shop of sublunary things,
Two are immortall, *Phœnixes*, and *Kings*.
Like Angels, each a Species, makes alone,
Yet neyther dyes without Succession.
Draw, draw, great Son ; and let thy thirsty Steele,
Their Bowels tappe till thy full vengeance reele.
Ride like a Whirle-wind driving on the floud,
That *Thames* may know no full Sea, but of bloud.
Hee that not followes may he drowne ith' Streames
Till brave Revenge hath swept the Land so cleane
That

That all thy blasted Enemies wee see,
Like Sodomes Apples rot upon the tree;
And Travellers praise thy Executions,
For Paving Road-wayes with the Rebels Bones.

FIN.





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